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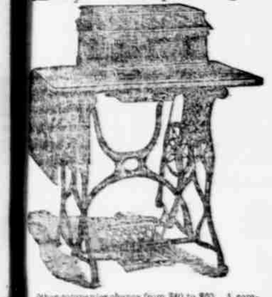

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HEAD
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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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The Absence of Little Wesley.

Since little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
Why I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miles the whipperwill!
And to think I used to scold him for his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he'd come troopin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud as'in!
It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this lood lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it use to do—
Yit now they 's time it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in two!
And, let a rooster, suddent-like crow some'ers clost around,
And seems 's of mighty nigh it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
And some with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jest go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—since little Wesley's gone!

And then, o' nights when mother's settin' up uncommon late,
A-billin' pears or somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime,
And things keeps gittin stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketched mys'f a-wishin' like—as I clum on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done for more'n fifty year—
A-wishin' 'at the time had come for us to go to bed
With our last prayers and our last tears, since little Wesley's dead!

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.

THE SAILING PARTY.

When Mr. Tompkins decided to give a sailing party, he determined that he would make it a success.

"A long and happy day on the water," said he, talking it over with cousin Maud, "that's the idea. You bring your mother and ask any of your friends, and we'll see if we can't have a little spree."

Cousin Maud thought it a very nice idea. She had never sailed much. She wondered if she would be a good sailor, and was quite confident that she would, because she was not ill at all when she went down to Old Point on the steamer. Mr. Tompkins was also quite confident, for, in fact, Mr. Tompkins was very sweet on Maud, and didn't like, even in fancy, to see the beloved object seasick.

So Maud said she would ask some of the girls—Mrs. Jones and Birdie Tomtitt, and of course dear Miss Rounder, and they would have the best time that was ever known—go out beyond the Navesink light, right into the real ocean. It would be perfectly splendid!

With lightness of heart they parted. Mr. Tompkins, after hunting about the maritime parts of the city and feeling very much of a sad sea dog, hired the most lovely small sloop, called the Viking, with a cabin and a cockpit, a skipper and a boy.

From a distance it looked like a real yacht. It was only when you got on board that you found the cabin too small to stand up in, and that the seats in the cockpit were so narrow you slid off them when the Viking heeled.

Mr. Tompkins has a blue flannel suit with brass buttons and a peaked cap.

The ladies wear Tam O'Shanters, of large, flopping tennis hats tied down wavagely with long veils. Over their arms are mackintoshes, shawls and ulsters, in their hands paper novels, parasols, a book of signals, two field glasses, a few boxes of candy. Miss Rounder carries an air cushion of rubber, Birdie Tomtitt a box of biscuits.

As Mr. Tompkins approaches with a messenger boy in his wake carrying the lunch, he finds them all leaning over the edge of the wharf looking at something in the water. What can they be looking at? He's about to call out, but fears that the notes of his manly voice may startle them, so that they will fall in. Then they see him and rush forward with effusive greetings.

"So glad you've come. How could you be late? Dear me! What a lot of baskets! Isn't the day perfect! Maud and her mamma are too late. Is it going to be windy? Do you think it's rough outside?"

Thus besieged, the gallant Tompkins falls into an easy attitude flanked by the baskets, and, returning greetings, finally asks:

"What were you all looking at when I came up?"

There is a silence. Then some one says:

"We were looking at the boat. She's very pretty, but—um—rather far down. That is—I should say—the tide's very low."

Mr. Tompkins exchanges some jovial nautical remarks with the speaker in a jaunty manner, and finally inquires:

"Ah, skipper, how are we to get the ladies on board? I see no steps!"

The skipper, without moving, spits dreamily, and says:

"Thar ain't no steps nowheres 'round here. But thar's a ladder nailed up against the wharf thar. They'll have to climb right down that."

All the ladies peer over.

There are, indeed, some bits of wood nailed one over the other against the slimy boards of the wharf, and these are hardly wide enough to hold your toes. The ladies keep a pained silence.

The skipper, pitying them, says consolingly:

"They could jump it, if they set right down on the edge, with their legs dangling over, and we could ketch 'em on the fly."

"Oh, that's nothing," says Tompkins, poohpoohing, and loftily waving his hand, "We'll get you down easy enough. You watch now—it's very simple. You get down this way—" He sits down on the edge of the wharf, then turns over very charily, and feels for the ladder with his toes. He doesn't find it, however, and his position is perilous.

"Just a little lower and you're all right," says the skipper, watching him with interest, but not moving; "just a little lower."

In his efforts to get a little lower Mr. Tompkins slips suddenly down, clawing along the wharf with hooked fingers. He clutches a post in time, and saves himself from falling in the face of all his ladies, prostrate on his back on the deck.

When he gets down he says with triumph, puffing a good deal, and oblivious of long, green stains on the front of him:

"That's the way to do it! Oh, it's not a bit hard when you get the knack!"

The ladies acquire the knack in different ways. Mrs. Jones sits on the edge, carefully wraps her skirts around her ankles, and then springs wildly out, with her eyes shut, screaming. She falls upon the skipper and Mr. Tompkins, ranged below her, who are as rocks to the shock. But Birdie Tomtitt, who comes second, is afraid of this bold style. She hesitates, and clings and shrinks in great anguish, crying as she peers over the dizzy verge:

"Now, if you girls push me, I'll never forgive you; no, never!"

In vain she tried Mr. Tompkins' way, and being shorter than Mr. Tompkins, is a good foot from the top step, and hangs there, feeling frantically around with her feet, and crying piteously:

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins, what's the matter? Where's the step? Oh, Good Heavens! I can't get down any further; what's going to happen to me?"

Mr. Tompkins and the skipper pull her down by the feet. Miss Rounder and Maud are easily disposed of. But when it comes to Mrs. Brown, Maud's mamma, both Mr. Tompkins and the skipper feel that it would be false politeness to allude to "the knack."

Ponderous and good-natured, she stands on the edge of the pier, and looks over a rampart of black jet trimming, puffing huskily.

Mr. Tompkins says with an attempt at airy badinage:

"Now, Mrs. Brown, it's your turn. Which way will you take it?"

"I don't see that there's much choice," says the lady, staring and wheezing.

"Well," says Tompkins, with the perspiration starting on his brow, "You can sit down and climb down the ladder or—um—ah—you can jump."

Mrs. Brown, holding the post, lets down one mighty foot and feels for the ladder. As an attempt this is a failure. She draws up the foot and says dubiously:

"Jump from here! It's a good distance."

"Oh," gallantly, "we'll catch you. You won't hurt yourself."

"I dare say not. But I won't take my affidavit that I won't hurt you."

"Never mind me," says the hero, conscious that the eyes of Maud are upon him.

After some discussion it is decided by the party that Mrs. Brown will jump. Mr. Tompkins and the skipper bear the brunt of the blow, while the boy stands behind, doing duty as a buffer.

In preparation she throws down her black handbag, her parasol, her book, her cashmere shawl, her tennis hat, and finally herself, striking the skipper with a dull, hollow sound, who in his turn sends the poor buffer staggering afar.

The first part of the sail was delightful. Every one was in gay spirits. At every lurch of the vessel they all screamed together and cried:

"Oh how lovely! Isn't this fun? Will it be rougher when we get outside?"

Outside the narrows, and well into the lower bay, the sloop from a gentle, well-bred roll began to lurch and pitch on the ragged seas. The screams grew louder and more loud. Every one thought this the most enchanting motion. So exciting the way the bow plunged into a wave, and such fun to watch the big seas come seething from under the lee side.

It was Mrs. Jones who first discovered the potent charm of this side. She had been sitting in the sun on the upper side, screaming loudest of all, when presently silence descended upon her. She had abruptly moved to the lee side, and spreading her parasol over her head, leaned forward and looked into the sea. No one noticed her, a lady revelling in the beauties of the deep not being a phenomenon, till the host cried out jocosely:

"What is Mrs. Jones plotting under that parasol?"

Mrs. Jones' voice sounded angry when she said:

"Looking at the water. The waves are so lovely."

It was Miss Rounder who next succumbed to the occult fascination of the bounding billows—Miss Rounder, who has been screaming gleefully at every crested hillock that the Viking mounted, and every green hollow into which she sank. Silence now, gradual but deep, fell upon Miss Rounder.

At first she yawned several times. Then leaned back in her corner and let her eyes roam from the heaving sea to the swaying mast and the enchanting deck, after which, with a smothered sound which might, unarrested, have been a groan, she shut her eyes, and a sickly pallor overspread her face.

The popularity of the lee side now became quite striking. Maud's mamma soon fell beneath its conquering sway. She had taken off her bonnet, which, with the lunch, filled the cabin to the skylight, and had put on her old felt tennis hat, tied down with a veil. No British grenadier ever looked more severe and immovable than Maud's mamma. Both Maud and Mr. Tompkins noticed it.

"Your mother," said the adoring Tompkins, who had a "tendresse" for all Maud's belongings, "seems a fine sailor."

"Oh, dear, yes," said Maud, with her enticing simper, "we're all good sailors in our family."

And they both turned and looked proudly at the Spartan parent, severely unsmiling under the tennis hat. Both noticed a slight glassiness in mamma's cerulean orbs and a set look about her lips. Mr. Tompkins, coldly conscious of the row of parasols blooming like mushrooms along the lee side, said with sudden fear:

"You feel quite—ah—quite comfortable, Mrs. Brown?"

"Quite," with haughty emphasis. Then suddenly: "Look here—hand me that parasol—quick—any of them."

She disappeared under its friendly shade, but presently looked out again, with her old face quite gray under the tennis hat.

"I find the sun gives me such terrible headaches," she said, easily, with a presence of mind which struck Mr. Tompkins as heroic.

And now the rays of the sun beat down fiercely on the little sloop, the waves kept creeping up behind stealthily raising the stern, and then letting it drop with a sudden, fierce playfulness.

A terrible fear fell on Mr. Tompkins. What if Maud should join the silent majority on the lee side? She, too, had grown silent and preoccupied, but still sat rigidly upright, and smiled when he spoke to her. He said, looking at his watch:

"What do you say to something to eat? It's 2 o'clock, let's have some sardines."

She gave him a quick and rather deadly look.

"No, thanks," she said, looking away from him and winking up her eyes in the glare, "I'm not hungry."

The silent row of honorably wounded had all groaned at his suggestion, and the feet had writhed in anguish on the deck.

"I've told the skipper to put back to the Narrows," he hazarded as a second remark. Whatever made his Maud so heavy in hand all of a sudden?

The row groaned again with relief, and Maud asked with sudden vivacity:

"How long before we get there?"

"About twenty minutes."

"And then it will be smooth?"

"Oh, quite smooth, as soon as we pass the forts."

"Thanks;" and she settled herself down in the most business like manner, clinched her hands around her parasol, fastened her eyes on the forts and said not a word.

"It's awfully warm, isn't it?" said the lover desperately, and with a rubicund face.

"Very," said the loved one, speaking as if her teeth were set.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like something to eat—just a little pate de foie gras?"

"Quite."

"Not a glass of beer?" sweetly.

"No," loudly and fiercely.

"A lemon to suck?"

No answer, only a heavy pause.

"We'll cruise round after we get inside. It'll be cooler there."

"I hope so."

"You don't feel sick, do you?" in a fond whisper, peering under the parasol with tender solicitude.

"No, I don't," pulling the parasol down over her head, making one of the points stick into his cheek.

"Well, we'll have lunch as soon as we get inside the forts, won't we?"

"Good Heavens, I don't know! How long now before we get there?"

"Five minutes."

And during that five minutes she wouldn't say a word. Not a syllable could Tompkins extract from her. Coming off the sloop in the evening Tompkins overheard her say to her mother:

"Wasn't it awful? I couldn't have stood it a moment longer."

And Mr. Tompkins went home wondering what "it" was.

MYRTLE HOWARD'S SIN.

It was a charming scene; the village hall decorated with vines and flowers. The soft music from the band and the sweet fragrance of the June roses filled all the air with sweet sounds and rich perfume. The occasion was a strawberry festival given by the young people of the little village of Stanhope.

Myrtle Howard stood by the window, looking down the long hall, watching the ever changing scene with a smile of enjoyment. She looked very beautiful tonight—crimson roses in her beautiful hair, a white dress with crimson at her throat, while the roses in her cheeks outrivaled the roses in her hair. There was a look of expectation in the black eyes, and she watched the door eagerly, and still the person she was looking for did not come.

"Surely Lewis will be here to-night," she murmured to herself. "How surprised he will be to see me here, and how glad I shall be to see him! Ny noble Lewis!—not my Lewis, but he shall be, for love begets love, they say, and sometime, if not now, Lewis will love me even as I love him."

Ah! there he is, and with him Madeline Vernon, and a shadow darkened the beautiful face as she saw Lewis Stanley enter with pretty Maddie Vernon, the village belle, leaning on his arm.

Myrtle Howard had been on a visit, previous to which Lewis Stanley had paid her considerable attention, and she had allowed herself to love him, while Lewis had only a brother's love for her, telling her often that she reminded him of his sister. He hadn't a thought that Myrtle cared for him, so when she went away he commenced to go with Madeline Vernon, at first because she was pretty and the belle of Stanhope, and now because he had learned to love her and hoped to win her for his wife.

Some people called Madeline Vernon a flirt, but she was not a flirt. She was pretty, graceful and naive, and of course had many admirers. The girls were furiously jealous of her, and though they treated her well to her face, they did not hesitate to say pretty sharp things the moment her back was turned.

Maddie and Myrtle had always been warm friends, but now, as Myrtle stood and watched Lewis and Maddie, saw how fondly he looked down into the bright, sparkling face, she hated Madeline Vernon, for she felt that Lewis was lost to her forever; and now, though Maddie did not know it, she had made an enemy that would leave no stone unturned to blight her young life, for the evil in Myrtle's nature had been aroused and it would make the hearts of Madeline Vernon and Lewis Stanley ache.

Myrtle left the window and with stately step walked over to where Maddie and Lewis were standing. "Why, Myrtle!" both exclaimed, "when did you come? How glad we are that you have come back; we have missed you so much."

"How pretty the hall looks, doesn't it?" Maddie said. "How sweet the flowers are! You remember what Lord Bacon says about flowers, don't you?" she continued, turning to Lewis; "isn't it a sweet thought? 'The breath of flowers comes and goes in the air like the warbling of music.' I must go now, for I see I have to sing a solo, at least the programme says so. You two can have a nice little talk while I am torturing sensitive ears with Cantillina;" and with a gay wave of the little hand Maddie left them.

"I always think of Tennyson's Madeline whenever I see Maddie, don't you, Mr. Stanley? These three lines are just like her," and Myrtle repeated:

"Smiling, frowning evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever-varying Madeline."

But just then the sweet voice of Madeline rang through the hall, and Lewis saw nothing, heard nothing but Madeline. He did not see the angry look in Myrtle's eyes, or hear the muttered words that were anything but complimentary to himself.

"What a flirt she is," Myrtle remarked, as the two watched Madeline come off the stage, and saw her talking and laughing in her easy way with several gentlemen who had surrounded her.

"Excuse me," Lewis answered, "I don't think Miss Vernon is a flirt at all."

"I suppose not," was the answer, "it is very difficult to persuade gentlemen of it until they are convinced by experience. They are like children; they must have their fingers burnt before they will believe the flame is anything but pretty."

Just then Madeline returned to them. "Look," she said, "all the flowers I have! Here, Myrtle, you shall have this calla lily, for it is like you—stately; and this rose-bud and geranium leaf you shall have, Lewis, not because you deserve the gift, but because I don't know what else to do with it," and Maddie looked at him with a saucy smile.

Lewis watched Madeline closely that evening. Was she a flirt? he asked himself. He could not believe it. If there was anything Lewis Stanley detested it was flirting. He determined to keep a close watch on Madeline, and to find out for himself whether she was a flirt or not. He did keep a close watch; so close that the rest of the gentlemen declared that they could never get a chance of speaking to Maddie, for Lew Stanley was forever by her side, and village gossips nodded their wise heads over their teacups and thought that Maddie had met her fate at last, and soon there would be a wedding at Squire Vernon's.

Myrtle Howard heard all this. How she hated Madeline for stealing from her the only heart she ever coveted! On one thing she determined: Madeline Vernon should never be Lewis Stanley's wife!

It was at a lawn-tennis party that Lewis told Maddie of his love. They had wandered away from the rest of the party to a little summer-house hidden by the honeysuckle. They did not know that Myrtle had seen them and had followed them with slow, cautious footsteps.

Lewis did not suspect that other ears than Madeline's listened that night to his tale of love; yet so it was. Myrtle, back in the shadows, heard his passionate words of love, and when he asked Maddie to be his wife heard her answer, "Yes."

Myrtle laughed a low, mirthless laugh. "She! shall never be your wife, Lewis Stanley—never!" And then she crept away, leaving the lovers all unconscious that before forty-eight hours the troth they had plighted that night would be broken. All night Myrtle laid awake asking herself how she could but separate these two young hearts. Surely Myrtle Howard's good angel must have wept over her that night.

The next day Lewis received a note which he supposed came from Maddie. It read thus: "Mr. Stanley: I must ask you to release me from the engagement which I made with you last evening. I said 'yes' just for fun. I won't carry the joke any farther. Hoping this will find you in your usual good health and spirits, I will say *bon jour*. Madeline Vernon."

"Good heavens!" Lewis exclaimed, "this cannot be from Madeline; and yet it is her writing, and who else knew of our engagement? Madeline, Madeline, it cannot be you that wrote this cruel note," he cried in tones of agony; "and yet they warned, and Myrtle told me I should never believe you wore a flirt until I knew by actual experience."

That evening Lewis Stanley left Stanhope.

All that evening Madeline waited and watched for Lewis, and when he did not come she wondered to herself if he was not sick.

Myrtle called the next morning to borrow some music, she said, but in reality to tell the news to Madeline.

"Did you know," she asked in assumed ignorance, "that Mr. Stanley has left town?"

She saw Maddie start, while a sudden pallor overspread her sweet face.

"No," Maddie answered.

"Yes," Myrtle continued, "he left last evening; going to stay some time, so he told brother Charles. Very strange he did not call and say good-bye to you. A great many people think you two are engaged; such a place for gossip Stanhope is." Poor Maddie! she went on talking and laughing, with face as bright as ever; and few, if any, suspected the bitter pain that was gnawing at her heart through all her careless demeanor.

Myrtle noticed with a feeling of joy the pained expression in Maddie's face, and soon, to Maddie's relief, left.

At first Maddie was too stunned to think, and then she thought that Lewis must have left a note for her. She would go to the post-office and see; but Maddie found no note. What did it mean, Lewis leaving her like that, and only two nights before he had asked her to be his wife?

Numerous were the conjectures afloat concerning Lewis' departure; the old ladies said that Madeline had jilted him, while the young ladies thought that he had flirted with Madeline. This latter comment was original with Myrtle.

"Go away, I don't want you; I want Lewis Stanley. Not you, Madeline Vernon, with your eyes of the sunniest blue; true blue, these eyes are, and they look at me so reproachfully, just as if you knew I had done you a great wrong. You won him from me, Lewis Stanley; you, with your golden hair and sweet voice. Go away, go away, for I hate you, I tell you!" and poor sick Myrtle tossed her hands wildly in the air.

Ever her stricken Myrtle, and for days she had been delirious, calling sometimes for Madeline, but always for Lewis Stanley, muttering at times about some fearful wrong she had done him.

Madeline was with her at times, and staying at Myrtle's house all the time, for Myrtle called frequently for her, and then when Maddie went near told her she hated her. "Ha, ha," she laughed, "you did not get Lewis, did you? Never while I live shall you have him. I sent that note. Don't tell, will you, but I sent him a note. You send for him, and I will tell him all about it."

The doctor said she could not live, but her brother Charlie would not believe it. Maybe, he thought, if she could see Lewis Stanley she would get better. "I have heard of people getting well, even after the doctor had given them up; perhaps if she tells Lew that dreadful secret she raves about, it will do her good." And so Charles telegraphed to Lew Stanley.

Thus it happened that eight months from Lewis Stanley's hasty departure he came back to Stanhope. He went at once to Mr. Howard's house, where the servant ushered him into the parlor, where he found Maddie with tearful eyes, for all Stanhope knew now that before the morning's sun should rise over the eastern hill-top Myrtle Howard would die. Even Charlie, Myrtle's brother, had given up hope now, for the crisis had past and the doctor had said that Myrtle would not live to see the morrow's sun.

She was conscious now, and had asked for Lewis, saying that she must see him before she died, and when Charlie said he had sent for him, she said she was glad.

When Lewis entered the parlor where Maddie was, she arose coldly and told him she would tell Charlie he was there, and Charlie came and took him to Myrtle. She had bade them all leave her, for she wished to see Lewis alone. Poor Myrtle! so young to die, so young to leave the beautiful world. And yet she did not care.

Lewis took both her clammy hands in his.

"Lewis," Myrtle whispered, "I have done you a great wrong. Tell me now you will forgive me. Oh, promise me you will forgive me!"

"Yes, yes," Lewis answered, "I will forgive you." He did not dream how much he had to forgive.

"Lewis, I sent you that note. The night before I heard you tell Maddie of your love. I was determined she should never be your wife; for, yes, Lewis, shocked as you will be, I loved you. Mine was an unrequited love. When I saw that you loved Maddie, all the evil in my nature was aroused, and I determined that she should never have you, and I sent you that cruel note. Lewis, can you forgive me? Heaven only know how I repent of that dreadful sin. Can you, will you forgive me?"

Lewis answered, "As I hope to be forgiven, I forgive you, Myrtle."

"Lewis, grant my dying wish, do not tell Maddie of this till after I am in my coffin; then bring her to look at me, tell her of the note. Surely she will forgive me then, when she looks at my dead face, and knows that I can do her no more harm. She has been a true friend to me, and how have I repaid that friendship! And now, Lewis, good-bye: I shall never see you in this world again, but my earnest prayer is, that you and Maddie may be happy. Good-bye."

Lewis stooped and imprinted a kiss on the pale forehead and left Myrtle Howard. That night she died.

Two days after, Maddie and Lewis stood beside the open casket looking at the pale, peaceful face of the dead girl, and Lewis told Maddie, as Myrtle had requested, the great wrong she had done them both. "Oh, Lewis! surely I would have forgiven her; why did she not let me tell her how freely I forgave her, before she died?"

Then and there Lewis and Maddie renewed their engagement, and not a bitter thought did they have for Myrtle. Five years, happy ones for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, have passed since Myrtle was laid "under the daisies." They have a little girl, a sweet little girl, who answers to the name of Myrtle. They never think of the dead Myrtle save with a pitying tenderness for her great sin and her early death.

A CHARMING WIDOW.

"The idea of that little thing being a widow!"

"And a widow of four years' standing! It fairly takes one's breath away. She doesn't look a day over fifteen."

"Except in a strong light. In a strong light she would be taken for every day of twenty-one. I never settle upon a woman's age until I have seen her in a strong light."

This rather pointed remark from the lips of Miss Pickett, a spinster whose age was frankly beyond compare, seemed to produce an electric effect. Every woman on the piazza, as though suddenly reminded of a neglected duty, began carefully protecting her eyes from the glare of the sky.

"I wonder if she will get the Englishman," began the first speaker again. "She is putting in some pretty hard work. Her slightest glances are the incarnation of flattery."

"A great mistake. Never give a man more than he expects—you will only bore him."

"I am not so sure of that. A man is a very weak thing."

"Well, mark my word—he doesn't mean anything; he is only amusing himself."

A boarding-house in Santa Barbara, even when nestled amidst all the luxuriance of semi-tropical California, is quite like other boarding houses after all. It contained the usual abundance of idle women, the usual scarcity of vigorous men, the usual superfluity of gossip.

So it happened that the boarders at Radcliffe Mansion—which, by the way, was no more of a mansion than any respectable two-story building, but was burdened with that title in deference to the prevailing Californian tendency to make everything greater than it is—were all more or less interested in Mrs. Cora Tyrrell.

Mrs. Tyrrell sat opposite me at the table, and I used to watch her in a sort of amaze that anyone could be so young and fresh and fair and yet be widowed. Her form was shapely slight for a full grown woman, while her face was as sweet and guileless as a child's.

She some way reminded me of a pansy, particularly when she wore a slightly flaring hat, its dusky brim setting off to perfection the transparency of her complexion, the soft baby-like rings of her hair, the large, tender, pathetic eyes.

Beauty of this sort wins women as well as men. Even Miss Pickett, noted for the severity of her mental atmosphere, was subjugated. Not a woman grudged Mrs. Tyrrell her beauty, but several drew the line at the Englishman. Feminine generosity has its limits.

You see Percy Elliott was the only eligible man at Radcliffe Mansion—eligible in the world's acceptation of the term, which has a well-defined reference to an irreproachable bank-account—and it was hard to watch him slowly disappear down the widow's little throat.

He was a tall, nonchalant young fellow, quite convinced of his own importance, after the fashion of his countrymen. A certain narrowness of chest told why he was wintering in this far western land; and frequent horseback rides with Mrs. Tyrrell told that he believed in mingling business with pleasure.

She was a wonderful horsewoman, riding as easily without the saddle as with it, and jumping any fence without a tremor. These equestrian duets stimulated the boarders to the liveliest speculation.

Cora certainly was not overburdened with money, though her taste in dress skilfully concealed the deficiency. Jewelery of every description she utterly eschewed; but the gloom of her crape was exquisitely relieved by flowers.

She was never without flowers upon her breast; at first modest demure violets, suggestive of widowhood; then as the days wore on, roses—white for a long time, and finally pink.

I came to measure the progress of her affair with Mr. Elliott by these roses; when the pink ones appeared I was as excited as a girl over her first offer.

It was about this time that the boarders learned through a cousin of Elliott's, a lad who had accompanied him from England, that there was another factor in this interesting case. He said Percy was engaged to an English girl and was to be married the following winter.

My woman's curiosity

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 28, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
HENRY MEYER, of Allegheny Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William F. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
THOMAS H. GREEVY, OF BLAIR CO.
FOR STATE SENATOR,
A. V. DIVELY, of Blair county.
FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

IF you have not paid a State or county tax within two years you cannot vote without paying one on or before October 6th.

THE Boston *Herald* has discovered that of the candidates for President this year Cleveland is the biggest, Harrison the shortest, Fisk the handsomest, Streeter the wealthiest and Belva Lockwood the sweetest.

A TARIFF Reform club has been organized in Chicago composed exclusively of prominent Republicans, all of whom will support Cleveland. Charles W. Deering, of the Deering harvester works, is president.

WHEAT was higher the other day in Chicago than it was in the eastern cities. It is now quoted in Philadelphia at $1.02 for No. 1 Pennsylvania and in Chicago at 99½ c., notwithstanding it costs 11 cents freight to get it to the seaboard.

THE Cleveland *Plaindealer* says The Democratic soldiers of Indiana outnumber the Republican soldiers and Matson is sure of an election. Harrison will be beaten for President in Indiana as easily in 1888 as he was beaten for Governor by old "Blue Jeans" Willims in 1876.

THE Prohibitionists of the Twentieth Congressional district and the Thirty-fifth Senatorial district have placed candidates in nomination for the respective offices. For Congress Dr. Unias M. Beachly, of Somerset, has been nominated, and for Senator John Clark, of Williamsburg, Blair county.

THOMAS LEE, of the firm of Thomas Lee & Co., of Philadelphia, wool merchants was detected in the act of smuggling blankets into this country, on Tuesday at Philadelphia. It is not an uncommon thing for parties to be caught in the act of smuggling, but in view of the fact that Thomas Lee is a shining light in the g. o. p. and one of the signers of the call for a meeting of Republican business men "to speak out in unmistakable tones in favor of the American system of protection," it has some significance. It shows that while Mr. Lee was in favor of a protective tariff to keep out other people's goods he was perfectly willing that his should be smuggled in free of duty and although a Republican and a beneficiary of high protection his pretended care for the interests of the wage workers is a sham of the fullest kind.

THE noted French General Bazine died at Madrid, Spain, on the 23d inst., aged 77 years. He entered the French army in 1831, and served with distinction in Algeria, in Spain, in the Crimea, and in the Italian campaign of 1859. He took part in the French expedition in 1862, and from 1862 till the end of the war held supreme command of the French forces. When in Africa, in 1836, he had gained the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in 1856 he had been promoted to be commander of the legion; in 1863 he received the Grand Cross; and in 1869 he was made commander in chief of the imperial guard. At the outbreak of the war with Germany Bazine was at the head of the third army corps near Metz. After the battles of Worth and Farbsck he took command of the Main French armies, and on August 14, 1870, he began a retreat from Metz. Defeated at Mars la tour and Gravelotte, he retired within the fortifications of Metz, which was immediately invested by Prince Frederick Charles. Attempts to escape failing, Bazine capitulated October 27, when three marshals, over 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men laid down their arms and became prisoners of war. In 1873 Bazine was tried by court martial, and sentenced to degradation and death for failing to do his duty. The sentence was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment. But in 1874, Bazine contrived to escape from the fortress on the Ile Ste. Marguerite, on the south coast, where he was then confined, and ultimately made his way to Spain.

OUR tariff champions says the Philadelphia *Record* are extremely fond of borrowing lessons and examples from Europe whenever they can find any to serve their purpose. But they disdain to learn, even from the protectionists of Europe, anything that may be in conflict with their prejudices. Thus every protectionist country of Europe that deserves to be called a manufacturing country admits the raw materials of production free of duty. Germany, France, Italy, Belgium and Austria put wool, hemp, flax jute, coal, ore and all other raw materials of manufacturing upon the free list. Yet when a bill is passed by the House of Representatives to put American manufacturers and workingmen upon an equal footing with their European rivals in the important respect of raw materials, such intelligent and beneficent legislation is denounced as a "trap" and a "snare." The majority of the Representatives of the American people are treated as tricksters engaged in little better than a three-card monte scheme to "catch the manufacturers" with the "bait" of free raw materials. Free wool, it is said, would be enevitably followed by free cloths and carpets, and by the entire destruction of the edifice of protection.

Of course, the American people will do in the future whatever they may deem expedient in tariff legislation. If they regard the policy of free raw materials as essential to the healthy development of their industries and commerce they will have it, without borrowing trouble about remote and improbable contingencies. But has the importation of free raw materials by the protectionist Governments of France and Germany inclined those Governments to the destruction of their entire protective systems? So far from it, they make the policy of relieving their raw materials from taxation an essential part of their system of protection. By duties on manufactured articles, they prevent foreign competition in their home markets. By free raw materials, they are enabled to enter the markets of the world with their surplus products. In freeing the raw materials of industry from taxation those protectionist Governments do not set a "trap" for manufacturers, and the Representatives of the people of the United States are quite as incapable of that kind of a trick.

The plain, practicable questions which address themselves to the common sense of the country are: Will the policy of free raw materials promote the industrial interests of this country? Will it give to American manufacturers an equal footing and a fair field in competing with their European rivals? Will it afford Amerioan merchants the opportunities of extending their markets, and thus relieve the home market of its accumulations of surplus products? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, how absurd it is to resist so beneficent a policy in the groveling fear of an unlikely contingency.

IN presenting the name of Thomas H. Greevy for member of Congress from the Twelfth District says the Johnstown *Democrat*, the Democracy have acted with their usual good judgment and given the party a creditable candidate. Mr. Greevy has certain elements of strength in Bedford and Cambria counties which others might not possess, and is, perhaps, equally as acceptable to the people of Bedford and Somerset as any other gentleman who was named for the honor. For many years he has been recognized all through the State as an able and wise counsellor of the workingmen, and what reputation he has made has been in his consistent and persistent advocacy on all occasions of the rights and interests of the working people. He has not sought the favor or smiles of monopolists, but has given the best endeavors of his life to bettering the condition of the mechanic, the workingman, and the farmer. He is a scholar, a public speaker gifted with the faculty of eloquent and forcible expression, a lawyer of ability, and a gentleman of pleasing address. It is true that he has some disadvantages as a candidate in not having much money. He is not a man of wealth, like his opponent, and has "no thousands to put into the campaign." In all qualifications for the office, however, he meets the Jeffersonian standard, and would make a representative in Congress creditable to this important district. All Democrats should vote and work for his election. All workingmen who desire a bold and able friend in Congress, one who is able and fearless to advocate their cause, should vote for him without regard to their previous political opinions. All citizens should vote for him, because he is a safe man for all classes and conditions of men and all the varified business interests of our people.

IN a conversation with Senator Hearst, of California, printed in the San Francisco *Examiner* on Friday, and reprinted in the New York *Herald* of yesterday, Governor Hill, of New York, is reported as saying: "I say New will give 15,000 or 20,000 majority. I have not the slightest doubt of what I say. I have gone over the State from every point of the compass. I have gone among the people, and, figure it out as I will, I have not been able to estimate Cleveland's majority at less than 10,000. Just tell the people of California that since Mr. Cleveland first led in this State we have never lost an election. I'll tell people of the East that myself." Waxing enthusiastic, the Governor said: "Tell them that since the time when Cleveland headed the ticket for Governor and I for Lieutenant Governor we never have lost an election for the National or State ticket. Tell them also that at the present moment there is not a single prominent Democrat of New York who is opposed to Mr. Cleveland. Think of that carefully. There is not a single one. And, last of all, say that Governor Hill is working might and main for the success of the National Democratic ticket, and he is ready to stand or fall with it."

THE Senate on Monday passed a bill appropriating $10,000 for the completion of the monument commemorating the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

Cheering News.

"I have just returned from a trip through New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, and in all these States I found the people agitated over the issues of the present campaign," said Mr. G. Duff Nichols to a reporter in New York on Monday. He is one of the General Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs in Connecticut. Mr. Nichols brings home the most flattering and encouraging reports from these places, and feels assured that a heavy and successful Democratic vote will be polled there. Concerning the nomination of Governor David B. Hill for re-election he said:

"The unanimous nomination of Mr. Hill has solidified the party and the Democracy of New York State will certainly give him a safe majority. This majority will astonish even Hill himself. No matter where I have stopped in this State I have found that every prominent hotelkeeper will cast his vote for Hill. The general feeling in the State is that he is a wise and safe man. While Hill's majority may be greater than Cleveland's in this State, yet it is safe to count on 20,000 majority for the national ticket.

"In Ohio everything is very quiet, and there is little or no talk of politics. The Democrats of that State are, however, very busy sending out campaign literature to every nook and corner of it. Of course, while they do not expect to carry the State, yet they have every reason for belief that they will greatly reduce the Republican majority. Many of the Michigan farmers who are Republicans are in favor of tariff revision, and will undoubtedly cast their votes for Cleveland.

"From every source, no matter how partisan, all unite in giving Cleveland great credit for having courage in his convictions, and there are but few Republicans in that State but that acknowledge that his tariff message and retaliatory message were the results of great courage and independence of character. Michigan is good fighting ground, and the chances are strongly in favor of Cleveland. I would not be surprised if that State went Democratic, as the tariff is creating a great deal of inquiry, and information is sought from every source.

"The people of Wisconsin are also alive on the tariff question, and from every source accessions to the Democratic ranks are reported. These reports are greater than even the most sanguine expected or hoped for, and I would not be surprised if that State would give Cleveland 10,000 majority.

"The nomination of Governor Palmer for re-election to gubernatorial honors in Illinois was favorably received, and I believe that, while the national ticket may not meet with success, Governor Palmer will receive a large Democratic majority.

"Indiana is a fighting State, and there the battle rages fiercely. Political meetings are being held at all hours of the day by both parties. Some speakers make as many as three addresses in one day in different parts of the State. The manufacturers along the natural gas belt, ranging from Indianapolis to the lakes, are endeavoring to intimidate their employees by threatening a reduction of wages if Cleveland is elected. Whether this will be successful or not, remains to be seen. The Democrats are fully informed on the subject, and are using every fair means to counteract it. The fight there is very close, with the chances in favor of Cleveland.

"Pennsylvania Democrats are fighting as fiercely for the election of Cleveland as if the entire success depended on them, and while they, of course, cannot expect to carry the State, I believe that in 1892 Pennsylvania will be a Democratic State. I have spoken with a number of Republicans in Pittsburg and they all admit that the tariff needs revision, their only objection to the Mills bill being that it emanates from a Southern source.

"They have not forgotten that the war is over and that the issues of that conflict ought to be forgotten.

"A visit to the city of Pittsburg will satisfy any unprejudiced man of the result of Republican rule. The streets, which are only forty feet wide at the utmost, are being entirely covered with cable roads, much to the disgust of draymen, as well as persons who drive in carriages. They find it impossible to traverse streets which are covered with these rails. Fifth avenue, the most prominent street in the city, is entirely ruined. All accuse Chris. Magee the Republican boss, of being the prime mover of this example of corporation greed.

"As to my own State, Connecticut, I have only the most rose-colored report to make. Republican manufacturers and New York business men who reside in Connecticut have announced themselves in favor of tariff reform."

A Lesson in Business.

The intelligent man of business can do better in the management of his own money than any government can do for him. Candidate Harrison suggests that the surplus arising from the excessive taxation of the Federal Government should be used in the purchase of bonds that are not yet due. A single illustration will serve to establish the injustice of this proposition. The Vanderbilt family hold $40,000,000 of these government bonds. They are now selling at $129. This would give the Vanderbilts $51,600,000 for bonds which cost them $40,000,000—in point of fact making these millionaires a present of $11,000,000, which has been wrung from the toil and sweat of the laboring people of the country. Jay Gould is reputed to own $10,000,000 of government 4 per cents., and candidate Harrison proposes to make him a gift of $2,900,000 out of the taxes which the laboring men and merchants and people of moderate means pay on nearly everything you wear and use. The surplus in the Treasury has come out of the pockets of the people. It should be used, not in buying bonds, but in reducing taxation, that the money this taxation would take may be left fruitful in the taxpayers' hands. That is where it belongs; that is where it can be most profitably employed; that is where it should be left. In any ordinary question of taxation no one would doubt this. It is no different or more doubtful because the millions taken uselessly from the people are added to the prices of goods consumed, and thus making special profits for a privileged class who are sustaining Mr. Harrison for President purely on "business principles."

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50 cts. and $1, at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Harrison and the Irish.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Sept. 16.—When the Republican papers and politicians attempt to face Mr. William Condon in his statement of Harrison's fatal abuse of the Irish, they will find they are not brushing aside a lying allegation by some irresponsible little campaign prevaricator, but are facing the solemn asseveration of an old citizen and influential business man of unblemish reputation, and whose word is as good as his bond. It cannot be set aside on the flimsy ground that some other man fails to recall it.

Mr. William Condon, Sr., was seen by a *Bulletin* reporter and asked as to the statements in this morning's *Pantagraph* in reference to his charges against Harrison for having slandered the Irish people. Mr. Condon has talked the matter over with gentlemen who also heard Harrison's speech here in Dudley Hall, and has come to to the conclusion that it was in the campaign of 1876, and not eight years ago.

Mr. Condon said: "Harrison, the Republican presidential candidate, spoke here on an afternoon a few days before the election of 1876, and Colfax spoke in the evening of the same day, I think, although I did not hear Colfax. The abusive words from Ben Harrison came out this way:

"Harrison had praised all the nationalities, except the Irish, and was just quitting the features of his address, when an Irish accent asked: 'How about the Irish, and where were Meagher, Sheridan, Shields, Mulligan and the others?' The crowd hissed the question and shouted 'put him out.' While they were taking the old gentleman from the building Harrison said exactly these words:

"'It is easy to know that man's race; you all know what they are; if it were not for them we would not need half of our penitentiaries, which are almost full of them; they have no intelligence; they are only good to shovel dirt and grade railroads, for they receive more that they are worth, as they are worth no acquisition to the American people.

"I have frequently mentioned the language to many people, and long before Harrison was prominently mentioned for the presidency, and therefore it cannot be said I speak of the matter now for mere political effect. I was surprised to find my letter in print, indeed. In my letter I made merely an incidental reference to the matter, not thinking that nor any other portion would be copied by the press. I stand by every material statement I have made. Many of my neighbors who did not hear Harrison, remember that at the time a great deal was said about his abusive remarks, which were more bitter than anything I have ever heard from anyone. I dislike to bring any foreign nationality into our American politics, in a free country where we all are or should be Americans, for American interests only; but Harrison has provoked this matter by his own false and bitter words on the stump. I have no prejudice against other nationalities; on the contrary, it is a pleasure to remember that all races have contributed to the growth and splendor of our country, and that in the terrible conflict for the maintenance of the Union the Celt and the brave heroes from the German fatherland fought side by side with the American born.

"The false alarm of those who say the Democratic party favors a tariff system favorable to England and detrimental to America, should blind no manly Irish-American to the fact that a rancorous defarmer of his race is running against Cleveland, that fearless, honest man whose principles are calculated to give cheap food and clothing to the poor, and to preserve the blessings of this government for Americans yet unborn. Like every individual, every race has virtues as well as faults and, therefore, I protest against Harrison's sweeping vilification of the Irish people, who usually come here to obey the laws and help develop the mental and physical capacities of our common country.

"The *Pantagraph* talks about producing an affidavit that Harrison did not make the abusive remarks. Well, there will be a number of counter affidavits from Irish-Americans. It is hard to prove a negative, but we can prove it was a positive fact."

The Indiana Campaign.

The campaign in the Hoosier State is approaching the red-hot stage, with six weeks more for work. Indiana casts a little in excess of half a million of votes, and of late years it has been rare that either party has had much over 6,000 plurality. In 1876, Tilden had 5,515; in 1880, Garfield had 6,641, and 1884, Cleveland had 6,512. In the State contest of 1886, on local issues, the Republicans carried the State by 3,324. In all these elections there has been a Labor or Greenback party polling as high as 12,000 votes and a Prohibition vote that has reached 9,000. The latter is an increasing force in the State and the former a diminishing one, with the prospect the Labor vote will go largely Democratic this year, because of General Harrison's radical course during the strikes of 1877 and later in opposing the interests of the workingmen and taking sides with corporation employers, who favored him with big retainers. He served them as counsel on the field of politics and raised a company of military to enforce their "rights." All this is telling against the Republican candidate at this time, especially in connection with his pro-Chinese record, which will not out. The Republicans, like Lady Macbeth, have come to consider it a "damned spot."

The workingmen of the State are doing good work for the Democratic national candidates. No tariff scare was possible in Indiana at any time. It is a little too far west, and the Republicans are rather avoiding the issue raised by President Cleveland on tax reduction. They don't want to bother with it. An Indianapolis special gives this report, showing the tendency of the labor vote:

In Indiana the workingmen are doing good work for the Democratic national ticket. A number of the documents which have been circulated by them were received at national headquarters this morning. In these documents the record of General Harrison during the railroad strikes of 1887 and as attorney for the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad previous to that time are set forth. In one of them a lighograph fac-simile of the account rendered by General Harrison as attorney for the road is printed in which he alleges that the services of himself and other attorneys associated with him were required for one week, and that such services were worth $1,000 for each of the counsel thus employed. Another lithographic copy of a receipt showing that General Harrison was paid $21,000 for his services is added, and at either side of these letters is printed a statement that this is the reason why the Ohio and Mississippi road refused the demand on the part of the train men on the road for more than $1 a day for their work. They are also circulating a lithographic copy of the receipt signed by General Harrison as Captain of Company "C" of the Indiana Legion, a provisional regiment, raised during the strike in 1877, for $29 for four days' service at that time.

This illustrates the drift of the campaign. General Harrison's daily orations, running into very dull platitudes, do not meet the case; and the Republicans seem to be growing desperate, for on Saturday night at Indianapolis they assailed a Democratic procession, and there was a near approach to a dangerous riot. As an argument this is hardly superior to the "free trade" yawp.—*Pittsburg Post.*

THE Democrats of the Twenty-fourth ward in Philadelphia have made a poll of the ward, and report 800 majority for Harrison. Blaine received 1,671 majority there in 1884.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Ten head of young cattle belonging to William Green, of North Danville, Vt., were recently killed by lightning at a single stroke.

—The baby of a farmer, William Beattie, who lives on the Cimmarron river, north of the Territory line, near Wichita, Kas., was carried off by an eagle, Saturday.

—The Treasury Department has received an appeal for military protection from Rio Grande City, Tex., which is held by a mob of Mexicans. Inquiries are being made.

—The Texas steer which made a lunge at a circus elephant in Texarkana never knew who came out ahead. He got a whack from a trunk line which knocked him stiff and cold.

—Henry Searing, of Brooklyn, caught a burglar in his home, and on taking the intruder to the light identified him as an old schoolmate. He handed him over to the police.

—While conveying a prisoner from Meriden to New Haven a Connecticut policeman fell asleep, and his charge, though handcuffed, picked the blue coat's pockets and then jumped out of the car window and escaped.

—At Lima, O., on Friday night of last week, a party of "White Caps" carried Asa Rainbottom on a rail, gave him 201 lashes and drove him out of town, with a warning not to return. Rainbottom's offense was abusing his family.

—Lightning tore the eight rooms of the residence of N. B. Corbin, in Vineville, Ga., in to ribbons. The bolt passed between the baby's craddle, in which it lay, and mother's bed, and all around a negro servant sitting in the kitchen, yet all escaped.

—The notorious "Lone Highwayman" of Texas, who for the past two years has been a terrior to travelers in the vicinity of Kerrville, was shot and killed on Monday by Mrs. Lizzie Hay, at her home at the head of the Rio Sabinal, Bandera county, Texas.

—Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., was sold at auction last Thursday afternoon for $11,000. Dr. D. N. Bramble, of Cincinnatti, was the purchaser. When sold privately last February, to W. H. Gray, of Chicago, the property brought $23,300, but he failed to make the deferred payments. A Chicago syndicate will take the building.

—The *Pioneer Press* learns that settlers losses by prarie fires around Ellendale, Dakota, will aggregate $50,000. Some hard battles had to be fought to save property and narrow escapes from loss of life are reported from around LaMoure and Valley Junction. Most of the individual losses are small. The drought has prevailed since mid summer.

—John Waters started to work in the mines at Mill Creek, Luzerne county, Monday morning, but was met by two acquaintances, who pursuaded him to go on a spree. He went with them, and together they drank a large quantity of whisky. In a few hours Walters dies from the effects of the liquor, and one of his companions is in a dangerous condition.

—For some little time the wife of Harlan Harrison, a well-to-do farmer of Milford, Otsego county, N. Y., has exhibited signs of mental instability. She said she and everybody else knew she was insane, and feared she would be sent to an asylum. The other morning she went upstairs and cut her throat, dying within an hour or so. She said she did it to avoid the lunatic asylum.

—George Crocker, a son of the recently deceased California millionaire, Charles Crocker, was severely injured at Chicago on Tuesday afternoon while riding in a cab. The horse stumbled and fell and Mr. Crocker plunged through the glass doors in front and fell into the street. When picked up he was found to be badly cut about the face and neck. Unless blood poison sets in he will be able to be about in three or four days.

—An old man was watching a balloon ascension at the Centreville, Mich., fair, on Thursday of last week, when his feet became entangled in the ropes of the air ship and he was borne aloft, head downward. The aeronaut, who was performing on a trapeze above the old man, succeeded at last in drawing him upon the bar, and, seated together, the two made a safe descent, after rising to an altitude of 1,000 feet.

—Rosa Wise, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., had five cents given her as a joke for a birthday present. She bought a yard of calico with it and made a sun bonnet, which she sold for forty cents. This she invested in more calico, made it up, sold the garments and reinvested the capital until she had $10. With this she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation of her crop, for gathering and carting to town, and made $50 clean profit.

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: "There is no improvement in the condition of Robert Garrett, and it is almost a settled fact that Mr. Garrett will never recover his reason. He is still at Ringwood with his family and attendants. At times he can be taken out to drive. At other times he is violent and must be confined to a room, from the windows of which his cries can be heard for some distance along the road."

—The large new silver vault in the Treasury Department is so damp that the canvas bags containing the silver stored there are rotting away. Measures are being taken to improve the ventilation of the vault, and arrangements are also being made to substitute small rough pine boxes for the canvas bags for holding the silver. These boxes will each hold 3,000 silver dollars, and it is proposed to store 30,000 of them in the vault. The silver is still coming in at the rate of $500,000 a day.

—On Sunday evening a sanguinary duel took place at San Felipe de Sabinas, Mexico. It appeared that a grudge existed between Lozera Amador, Captain of the Contras Guards, a body of mounted custom house inspectors, and Graciana Catu, one of the State Rangers. Meeting in San Felipe de Sabinas, they drew their pistols simultaneously and began shooting. Amador fell dead at the second or third shot and his opponent, Catu, died within an hour from the effects of his wounds.

—At the session of the Homeopathic State Medical Society, in Philadelphia, last Dr. Mohr read a paper giving the history of an interesting and remarkable case of malignant growth of cancer cured by accident. The patient, a woman, was being treated with arsenic. Erysipelas broke out and cured the cancer. This accidental cure, Dr. Mohr declared, has possibly opened up a way by which cancer may be cured with the virus of erysipelas. The paper created much talk, and Dr. Mohr was asked a great many questions regarding his patient, who is now in better flesh than she has been for six years.

—The postoffice department received several telegrams on Monday from the Yellow fever district which indicate that the running of trains on nearly all roads in Alabama and Mississippi has been abandoned and that the whole section is panic stricken. The only means of reaching New Orleans with any degree of certainty is by way of Montgomery, and even this route is threatened. The people along the Vicksburg and Shreveport road seem to be one vast mob. The postmaster at Cairo, Ills., telegraphs: "All trains on the Cairo and Mobile road have been abandoned, as they will to-day on the Cario and New Orleans line. The country below is in the hands of a howling mob and quarantine is everywhere."

—James Gillespie, of Middleport, Schuylkill county, was killed on Monday on the Reading railroad, near New Philadelphia. He visited Pottsville, and, after transacting his business, got aboard a train to return home. He lost his return ticket, and, having refused to pay his fare, was put off by the conductor. He then started to walk home, when he was run over and instantly killed. He leaves a widow, but no children.

—Recently at Santa Anna, Tex., while Mr. J. Taylor was sitting outdoors near his house reading a newspaper, a gray squirrel sprang from the top of the house and began bitting Mr. Taylor. He threw the squirrel to the ground, but it sprang back upon the old gentleman, biting him more severely than ever. He was bitten through both ears and on the neck and face so severely that Dr. Mathews was called in to treat the wounds. Mr. Taylor finally killed the squirrel. There are some fears that the animal had hydrophobia.

—When the night express on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, which left Chicago for Pittsburgh on Sunday afternoon, arrived at Alliance, O., on Monday morning, Mr. Syms, the baggagemaster, was found dead in the express car, with a bullet wound in his head and a revolver lying by his side. The cause of the suicide is not known. He was in good spirits Sunday night, and an hour before his body was discovered was chatting pleasantly with the express messenger. The deceased lived in Pittsburgh and was unmarried.

—George Jayne, of Hackensack, went out hunting the other day. While eating his luncheon in the woods he let his shotgun lie on the ground. After luncheon he shot at a flock of reed birds, but none of the birds fell. A short distance from him, however, he saw a small blacksnake writhing in the sand. The snake was badly burned and scorched with powder. Its tail had been mutilated with birdshot. Mr. Jayne says that the snake crawled into the gun barrel while he was eating, and was shot out when he discharged the gun at the birds.

—The people of a church in Belfast, Me., report a singular coincidence last Sunday. Just as the pastor was reading the words, "I beheld the spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it abode upon him," a beautiful dove fluttered in at the open door and alighted upon the railing of the back gallery. It next flew to the pulpit and, after resting a minute, perched upon the speaker's head. Being brushed away, the dove flew down beside the Bible and finally, near the close of the services, flew out through the open door at which it had entered.

—Thomas W. Sprague, proprietor of a collecting agency at Chicago, was arrested last week by the Postoffice Inspector. The warrant was based on the violation by Sprague of a statute which provides that no envelope shall be sent through the mail which contains on its face any words or delineations reflecting injuriously on the character or conduct of another, or is calculated to injure the recipient's feelings or reputation or to bring him into disrespect. The penalty for mailing such an envelope is a fine of $100 to $5,000, or imprisonment from one to ten years, or both. The case was continued in $3,000 bail.

—A dispatch from San Francisco says: Many robberies of letter-boxes of business firms have been committed recently by a gang of criminals, thought to be from Chicago. The plan is to watch letter carriers drop letters into the boxes of large business houses, then walk up, and, with a glass-cutter, take the glass out of the frame and seize the letters. Checks and drafts are taken, forged indorsement is made and money drawn from banks. Within a few weeks $2,000 or $3,000 has been drawn from local banks on forged checks stolen in this way. The police thus far have no clue to the criminals, who are evidently experts.

—Dennis Gallagher, a constable in Wilkesbarre, Pa., arrested a young man for disorderly conduct on Saturday night, and after locking him up he was beset by friends of the prisoner, who followed him for some distance. He drew his revolver and flourished it to keep the crowd at bay. Policeman Broadhead attempted to arrest the Constable for flourishing his weapon, but he resisted. Thomas Ryan, of Syracuse, N. Y., a bystander, stepped up and grasped the excited man by the arms, but he broke away and turned and shot him in the neck. Gallagher then submitted to arrest without further trouble. Ryan died on Sunday night in the city hospital.

—A farmer by the name of Oter, near Glentown, O., has a young bull terrier. The other day a large eagle swooped down on a hen with chicks. The terrier, seeing the danger, ran to the rescue, as the eagle started skyward with a young chicken in its mouth. The dog jumped and caught the eagle by the tail. This, however, retarded but little the upward course of the bird, and it was not till the tail gave away as the eagle soared over an oak that it was freed of the plucky dog, which dropped unharmed into the prongs of the oak, 50 feet from the ground. After a great deal of difficulty the terrier was brought to mother earth. There is a bald tailed eagle near Glentown now.

—A Southern Pacific mail train, east bound, was surrounded by a gang of masked men on Sunday night, who made the engineer uncouple his engine and pull away from the train. The mail car was guarded by United States officers and others in the employ of the road. The bandits made the engineer go before them into the mail car. The guards fired, thinking the engineer a bandit, and shot him in the face. Then the fireman was made to serve the same purpose, was fired at but missed. The bandits then returned the fire and no less than 50 shots were exchanged, when the baffled robbers fled, carrying two of their wounded with them. There were ten in the gang. They will be pursued with bloodhounds.

—A dispatch from Alton, Ill., says: Z. Brown, an old resident of Godfrey, was swindled out of $2,500 one day last week. A man calling himself Dr. Williams, claiming to be from New Jersey, had ingratiated himself into the confidence of Mr. Brown, pretending to want to buy his farm, and offered Mr. Brown a large sum for the farm, which was accepted. Brown was induced to put up $2,500 as a forfeit if he did not keep his bargain. They drove into town together, and Brown drew the money from the bank. Williams put the money into a box, or appeared to, and then handed the box back to Brown, telling him he could keep it. Williams made some excuse and went away. Soon Brown opened the box and the money was gone. Williams has not been found.

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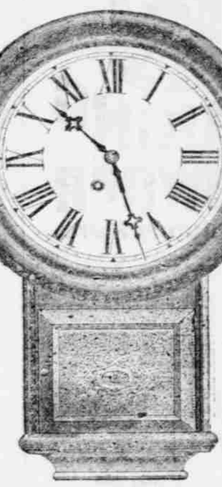

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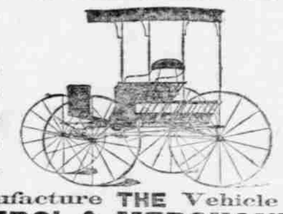

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 23, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Postmaster M. Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, was a visitor to our town on Tuesday.

—A bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds contains five hundred and sixty thousand kernels.

—Squire Luke Behe, of Clearfield township, spent Tuesday night in town and returned home on Wednesday.

—A spoonful of kerosene oil to a pail of water in boiling clothes will make them wash easier and look whiter.

—Wm. Richinson, Jr., who is a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad was visiting his home in this place this week.

—Mr. E. C. Parrish has a cabbage head at his store room raised in this neck of woods weighing eighteen pounds.

—Pennsylvania Day at Gettysburg, has been postponed by Governor Beaver from October 2, until sometime in May of next year.

—Messrs. James P. McCans and Thomas Mills, two well-known citizens of Clearfield township, were visitors to our town on Tuesday.

—Mr. W. A. Nicholson, of Altoona, who spent the past week with his many friends in this place, returned to his home on Wednesday morning.

—John Riffel, of Summit, will offer at public sale on Saturday, October 6th, a house and lot at Summit and also a lot of personal property.

—James McDermitt, an aged and respected citizen of Clearfield township, died at his home in that township on Wednesday last, aged about 85 years.

—For settling all disputes about the two double plays made during the game of base ball recently played in town, we would suggest "soft gloves, at forty paces."

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. John Connery, a well-known citizen of Chest Springs, is confined to his house by illness and we hope to soon hear of his recovery.

—On account of the inclemency of the weather, the management of the Bedford County Agricultural Association have postponed their fair until October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Miss Annie Thomas and Miss Mary Richardson, both of Carrolltown, passed through this place Monday on their way to Pittsburg where they intend visiting friends and relatives.

—Thomas H. Greevy, Esq., of Altoona, the Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, was a visitor to our town on Thursday, shaking hands with his Democratic friends.

—The Carrolltown fair was a financial success and was attended by large crowds every day, particularly on Thursday when, it is estimated there were over 4000 people on the grounds.

—An epidemic has broken out among the cattle in some parts of Berks county. It is known as splenic apoplexy, or Texas fever and a number of farmers have lost several head within the past week.

—C. M. Parrish, of Altoona, who had charge of the pharmacy at Cresson Springs during the summer season has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parrish, of this place, during the past week.

—The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramped posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews arn't comfortable.

—John E. Dewalt, of Hopewell, has sued Jamie Armstrong, of Bedford, to recover $50 which he claims he gave her to build a house on condition that she would marry him. Afterward she broke the engagement.

—Mr. Joseph A. Wertner and Anthony Hill, Esq., of Chest Springs, were in town on Sunday (Thursday) being called here as witnesses to the will of Mr. Redmond Mellon, whose death we made mention of last week.

—Oliver Henry, eldest son of Mrs. Maggie Henry, of this place, who has been laid up with rheumatism for some time past, at Tyrone, returned to his home during the present week. He is still confined to his room.

—Soil or shininess on coat collar or sleeve may be removed by sponging them off once or twice a week with the following preparation: One ounce of amonia, one ounce of alcohol, one ounce of ether, one quart of water.

—Sale bills were printed at this office during the present week for a public sale of personal property, live stock, farming implements, etc., on Wednesday, October 10th, at the residence of John Holtz in Jackson township.

—Walter Davis, of Berwinsdale, Clearfield county, aged about 20 years, was killed near his home Friday last, while assisting in chopping down timber. The tree fell and in its course caught the young man, killing him almost instantly.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—Catharine Greenhalgh, who threw her baby from a boat, near Fayette City, and drowned it, was sentenced by Judge Ewing, of Uniontown, to undergo imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for nine years. She said she was a victim of the opium habit and committed the crime while under its influence.

—Two masked men entered the house of Jake Hauger and wife, an aged couple near five miles from Ligonier, and forced them at the point of the revolver to give up between $750 and $900, a part of which was gold. A reward of $150 is offered for the robbers' arrest. No description of the rascals could be had.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has heretofore had four classes of conductors with pay graded according to term of service. The company, unsolicited by the employes, have abolished the fourth grade, and have thus promoted all these men one step. This promotion carries with it increased pay for all services rendered.

—A correspondent of the Gallitzin *Vindicator* writing from Cassandra says: "We have learned from contractor McGovern that the Bens Creek branch railroad is to be extended up the creek one mile and a half further. New coal works are to be started at the end of the new branch road, by Messrs. James Mitchel and others.

—French prepare grapes in this way to preserve them the year round. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe and dipped in lime water of the consistency of cream. They are then hung up and remain until needed for use. The lime water keeps out the air, and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip the cluster in warm water to remove the lime.

—The Centre Mining company's furnace, located at Bellefonte, became chilled Monday from top to bottom, and was compelled to shut down for repairs. About 500 men will be thus thrown out of employment. The furnace is owned by a syndicate of Philadelphia, of which B. K. Jamison, the banker and broker, is one of the leading stockholders.

—Exchanges say that a couple of sleek-looking individuals are going about the country swindling township treasuries out of sums of money ranging from $12 to $50, on the pretense of repairing black-boards in school houses, only desiring the official's order for performing the work, which turns up in a few days as an order on the township's treasury, properly signed, and cashed by an innocent party.

—The Hastings-Brubaker-Beaver Hospital is a failure. The institution, after a reconsideration on the part of the Adjutant General, has been located at Phillipsburgh. The "Cheesecrekers" have been "knocked out." This little bit of "civil service reform," will do some good in military circles, in the vicinity of the State Capital. How that Ty—COON did come down.—*Clearfield Republican.*

—All persons interested in the organization of an agricultural association and fair at Ebensburg are requested to meet in the Council Chamber on Tuesday evening next, October 2, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock, where the preliminary steps will be taken for the organization of the society. Everybody is urgently requested to attend, and especially the farmers, merchants, lawyers and business men.

—A very important judicial opinion was given in the courts at Chambersburg, Pa., recently. Suit was brought by Lavina Small, under the Married Personal Property Act of June 3, 1887, against her husband for about $6,000 given him thirty-two years ago. The facts were agreed upon, and the contest was as to whether the Act referred to gives the wife the power to sue her husband. After an able argument on either side, the Court decided that the Act gave such power.

—As Forepaugh's show was unloading at DuBois on Tuesday, John Poggy, an elephant trainer, of Salem, Mass., was attacked by the elephant "Tip" and killed. Poggy was trying to get the beast out of the car, but it had been angered by men and boys teasing it and feeding it apples which contained tobacco and pepper. It struck him with its trunk, gored him with its tusks and trampled on him. The other elephants became furious and tore up another cage and struck two other men, but they were not severely injured.

—A man by the name of John Anderson, of Greensburg, drew his pension money on Monday, and then, as usual, went on a drunk. While in this condition Monday night, he exhibited what money he had left, when he was pounced upon by two toughs by the name of Charley Stewart and Bert Moore, who, failing to induce him to go to a gambling den, assaulted him with knives until seven knife wounds were inflicted upon him, when he was released by an officer. Moore was arrested and committed to jail on Wednesday.

—A physician in writing about drinking water says: "If in any hotel or summer resort to which these lines may come, there should occur a single case of typhoid fever or diphtheria, test the drinking water or have it done at once. A few cents will buy an ounce of saturated solution of perry manganate of potash at a chemist's. If when a drop of this solution is added to a tumbler of water its color changes to brown, it is unfit to drink; if it remains clear, or slightly rose colored after an hour, it is, broadly speaking, safe."

—There are some things a level-headed human being should never do. Among these is to kindle a fire with the aid of coal oil, to walk on the railrood track, to attempt to get on a moving train, to point a gun or pistol at another, to put his name on another man's note, to keep his savings in an old stocking under his bed, to play a game of chance with a prepossessing stranger, to take patent medicine for his real or imaginary ailments, to run for office when he has a paying situation in private life, to call a bigger man than himself a liar.

—The parishoners of Rev. Father Kittell, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, this place, will no doubt be pleased to learn that Dr. Roller has received a letter from the reverend gentleman, dated somewhere in Ireland, the name of the place having slipped our memory, stating that he will start for home on the 28th inst., which will be next Friday. Father Kittell undertook the journey to Ireland a couple of months ago in the hope of benefiting his health, and we join with his many friends both in and out of his church, in the wish that his hopes have been fully realized.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

—The Lock Haven *Express* of Saturday, says: "There was a wholesale slaughter of valuable horses on the Pine Creek railroad yesterday morning, a mile or so from Jersey Shore Junction. Seven horses and a colt owned by Harris McKinney, a Clinton county farmer, escaped from the pasture field and ran upon the railroad track. A freight train came along and three of the horses and the colt fell through a cattle guard and were killed at once by the engine. The other three horses in their fright dashed through a barbed wire fence, and two of them were injured so badly that they may probably die."

—The laws of Pennsylvania provide a fine of not less than $5 or more than $100 and costs for willfully entering an orchard, garden, hot beds or green houses, clubbing, stoning, breaking or otherwise injuring the fruit or ornamental trees, beating down or trampling upon, or otherwise injuring any grass, grain, vines, vegetable or other growing crops; and in default of said fine and cost, the offender may be committed for not less than twenty or more than sixty days. Fruit stealing or the wilful taking and carrying away of fruit, vegetables, fruit or ornamental trees, is declared by the law to be a misdemeanor, and any person convicted thereof in the Court of Quarter Sessions shall be fined and imprisoned not exceeding sixty days.

—On Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock, Mr. Scott McCormick, a well-known Pennsylvania railroad engineer, when about ready to leave the round house at East Conemaugh was so badly hurt that he died on Tuesday afternoon. The following particulars we take from the Johnstown *Democrat*: He was an engineer of the Mountain local freight and had just prepared his engine, No. 1021 to leave the round house and pulled the rope to lift the canopy from the smoke stack when the hostler, Mr. George Harshberger, whose business it is to take the engines on the turntable and turn them around, started the engine to leave the round house. Just at this moment Mr. McCormick attempted to board the moving machine but as he was drawing himself up on the foot board he was caught by the door jamb of the round house door and crushed between that and the cab of the engine. Mr. McCormick is a large man being six feet four inches in height, and weighing over 200 pounds, and as he was forced through a space of about eight inches he was terribly crushed, his right thigh being mashed into a jelly and his right arm broken and crushed at the elbow. The hostler did not see him and the first intimation he had of anything being wrong was when McCormick's arm was forced through the cab window. Mr. McCormick was forty-three years of age and leaves a wife and three childrenn.

—William Rowland, John R. Hughes, Thomas Davis and wife, the latter a cousin of Mr. C. T. Roberts, of this place, Evan and Isaac Rowland, sons of Owen Rowland, of this place, all from near Iowa City, having been at the G. A. R. encampment at Columbus, Ohio, extended their trip to this place, their old home, and are visiting their friends.

—Chas. L. Dick, Esq., this (Saturday) morning received from the State Hatchery at Corry forty thousand German or brown trout. They came in four cans, the water in which was very cold, several chunks of ice being in each vessel. These trout will be placed in Dalton Run, at the headwaters of Benscreek, Millcreek, and all the streams on this side of Laurel Hill. This is the second lot of trout received by Mr. Dick this season. The former—also forty thousand in number—were the American speckled species. The German or brown trout grows to a considerable size and is said to be quite as active and sportive as American speckled trout.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Miss Kate Mills, whose home was in Blairsville, but who had been living for nearly a month in Altoona in the employ of Dr. M. J. Buck as a domestic died on Monday last under the following circumstances which we learn from the *Altoona Mirror*. Last Friday, while Dr. and Mrs. Buck were absent from the city on a trip into Cambria county, Miss Mills made ready some small cucumbers for pickling, and placing them in a brass kettle stood them on the stove. The common method is to prepare first in a tin vessel. After alowing them to soak about six hours she took one of them out and ate it with her dinner. It was a fatal thing to do, as the verdigris poison soon seized upon her system, and with no one by to give the necessary attention, the unfortunate girl grew worse rapidly and was soon beyond medical help. Dr. Buck returned Saturday noon and discovered her condition to be highly serious. Every known device was employed to bring about recovery. At one time yesterday, before passing into unconsciousness and in her agony, she said: "How much better that I should be the sufferer rather than you should all die from my mistake." Her end was peaceful and quiet, death coming as a welcome release shortly before 1 o'clock this morning.

Death of a Catholic Clergyman.

Rev. William Pollard, pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Pittsburgh, a mention of whose illness was made last week, quietly breathed his last at 8.10 o'clock Sunday morning. Father Pollard was one of the oldest clergymen in the Pittsburgh diocese, and was known as a scholar, well read, and a deep thinker. He was born in Kilree, county Kilkenny, Ireland, on May 25, 1822, and was consequently in his 67th year at the time of his death. He was educated at St. Kiaran's college, Kilkenny, coming to America in 1849. He was ordained May 14, 1850, by Rev. Bishop Michael O'Connor. His first mission was at Latrobe and vicinity, on the then new Pennsylvania railroad, in Westmoreland county. He resided at St. Vincent's Abbey, attending at Greensburg and other near points. He next went to Tyrone and Huntingdon and vicinity. He then went to St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, to replace Father John Tuigg, afterward Bishop Tuigg, who went to Tyrone. He then spent six years at Loretto, this county. He was also stationed at Freeport, and upon the invitation of Right Rev. Michael O'Connor went with him to Erie, when the latter was created Bishop of Erie. Father Pollard, after leaving Loretto, became pastor of the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, on the South Side, Pittsburgh, where he remained for twenty-five years. He became pastor of St. Mary's, his last charge, on September 10, 1885, the parish being considered one of the best in the city. His funeral took place on Wednesday morning after a Requiem High Mass, celebrated by Bishop Phelan. His remains were interred in St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburg.

The Great Virginia Industrial Exposition—Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Virginia Agricultural, Machanical, Tobacco Exposition will be held at Richmond, beginning October 3rd and closing November 21st, 1888. This exposition will be the best exhibit of the industrial and agricultural resources of the upper South ever held. Beside an extensive display of agricultural products and fine stock, a special section will be devoted to tobacco, illustrating all its phases from the plant to the pipe. The special features embrace a bench show, running and trotting races, and numerous other forms of interesting entertainment. The capital of the Old Dominion is an exceptionally interesting place, and with the extraordinary attractions offered by the exposition, and the delightful climate of this season, the pleasure of a visit is greatly enhanced.

For the benefit of the hosts of people who will desire to visit the city under these favorable circumstances, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Richmond every Monday and Thursday during the continuance of the exposition, good to return until November 26th inclusive, from all principal stations on its system at a single fare for the round trip.

A Word to the Thinker.

If you are young, vigorous, full of life and health, you require no *stimulant*, but, unfortunately, we are not all so; then think, if depressed in spirits, if lack of ambition, if weak from disease, if lung trouble, if no appetite—what is best to use—Why, ask the Hospitals, ask the Faculty, and they will *all* answer that Max Klein's "Silver Age" Rye is the best stimulant in the world. He will also forward you six quarts of the best six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson or Overholt for $5.00, or $1.00 per single quart. His Wines are the purest, and for 75 cents per quart, you can rely upon any article advertised by Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny.

Send for price list. We ship goods, neatly packed, anywhere.

Aug. 31, '88. 1y.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents toofree yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

ANTIETAM.

A Visit to the Field Twenty-Six Years After the Battle.

Pursuant to the call of the chairman of the committee of arrangements previously published, the 125th, Pennsylvania Volunteers, held their reunion on the battle-field of Antietam, Md., on the 17th and 18th of Sept. 1888. This Regiment was composed of men from Blair and Huntingdon counties, with a contingent of about 50 men from St. Augustine and Gallitzin, Cambria county. The Veterans, to the number of near 100, met in the old town of Sharpsburg, Md., on the afternoon of Sept. 17, 1888, the 26th anniversary of that great battle. This town was between the two armies during the battle and consequently was badly damaged by the shot and shells of the contending forces; the marks of these projectiles an quite a number of the buildings being plainly visible to the present day. Well, the first thing done after resting a little after our journey, was to hold a meeting of the Veterans of the 125th and 136th Regiments in the large hall of the Antietam Post, G. A. R., which was kindly turned over to us for our use by that organization. Our colonel, Jacob Higgins presided over the meeting, and, by his ability and good judgement as a presiding officer, contributed much towards the harmony and pleasure of the evening. Rattling speeches were made by Messrs. McCamant, McGraw, Wallace, Simpson and others, but the speech of the evening was by J. D. Hicks, Esq., of Altoona, Pa. Rich and racy, it brought down the house, eliciting round after round of applause from the delighted audience. Hicks, here's to you, may your shadow grow twice as large! Songs were sung and everything went along pleasantly and harmoniously, and, but for the senseless remarks of one officer reflecting upon the honor and loyalty of General McClellan, it would have been one of the most enjoyable evenings I ever spent; but the honor and loyalty of "little Mac" was fully vindicated by Burley, O'Brien, Dunegan and others whose names I am sorry I do not remember. The meeting adjourned at 11 o'clock P. M., to meet again at the Dunkard Church, the centre of the battle-field, at 8 o'clock A. M., Sept. 18th. Quite a number of ladies accompanied their husbands and relatives to the battle-field and seemed as deeply interested in viewing the scenes upon it as the Veterans themselves. Amongst the ladies present was the estimable wife of Col. Higgins. These ladies were complimented by Lieut. Dunegan in behalf of the Veterans present for the interest manifested in making the reunion a complete success. The morning of the 18th, unlike that of the previous day, was clear and beautiful, and the boys were all present at the Dunkard Church by 8 o'clock A. M., and from thence proceeded to the field where our regiment lay the night preceeding the engagement. I will now describe as truthfully as I can the part taken in this battle by the 125th: We were under command of the veteran, Gen. Mansfield, who hurried his men into action just as the sun was rising on the morning of Sept. 17th, 1862. The Division of Gen. Williams on the right with the 125th in advance, rushed across the Hagerstown pike and tried desperately to drive the Confederates from the woods and hills to the west, so as to flank the "Rebs" who were defending the position near Dunkard Church. The struggle for the possession of the woods was of the most desperate and bloody nature. Men dropped at every step and the deaths among the officers were frightful. At this point our right, under the brave Col. Higgins, pierced the centre lines and held their position for three-fourths of an hour, while officers as well as privates were literally mowed down. On this part of the field the Federal generals, Mansfield, Richardson, Hooker, Crawford and Hartsuff were stricken down, as were also the rebel generals, Starke, Bains, Douglass, Barksdale and Lawton. Our right being without support on the right and left was forced back across the Hagerstown pike, after leaving fully one-third of its men killed and wounded near the Dunkard Church, and after having penetrated farther into the rebel lines than any other Union troops on that eventful day. After re-crossing the pike we were assigned the task of supporting a Battery—I think Ricketts' Battery. This position we held until night stopped the frightful carnage. So closed the day of the battle of Antietam—one of the wildest days this earth ever saw.

* * * * *

In the evening we visited the National Cemetery, where 4985 Union soldiers lie buried. This is a lovely spot on the top of a knoll overlooking the whole of the battlefield. The Superintendant of the Cemetery informed me that it is was right here that General Lee had his headquarters during the battle, and, with his field-glass, could see almost every division of McClellan's army. It was pitiable to note the ages marked on the headstones in the Cemetery; fully one-fourth of all those marked being under 21 years—the oldest one I saw being but 32 years. Well, may you all rest in peace, is the fervent prayer of a loving comrade; you died in a noble cause.

We took the cars at Antietam Station at 11 o'clock P. M., and started for home, down the beautiful Cumberland Valley, arriving at Harrisburg at 2 o'clock A. M., Sept. 19th, 1888. I will conclude this rather lengthy letter by saying to my comrades one and all "Bannath lath."

EMOS.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1888:

John Burk and Unity Skelly, Sonman.

Charles Rice, Barr township and Ettie Strump, Montgomery township, Indiana county.

Clement E. Little, Chest Springs and Harriet M. Kaylor, Allegheny township.

Philip W. Stevens, Altoona and Lucy Beckel, Barr township.

Abel Lloyd, Jr., and Caddie M. Kerr, Ebensburg.

William Goretzki, Summerhill and Emma Fitz, Gallitzin.

Fred. B. Hormooney and Annie E. Swank, Johnstown.

DIED.

BROOKBANK.—Died at his home in Asbyille, on Thursday, September 20th, 1888, Mr. David Brookbank, aged about 50 years.

MARRIED.

LLOYD.—KERR.—Married on Thursday evening, September 20th, 1888, at the residence of the brides father, by the Rev. B. M. Kerr, of Brownsville, Pa., Mr. Abel Lloyd, Jr., and Miss Caddie M., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kerr, of Ebensburg, Pa., and grand-daughter of the officiating clergyman.

With the above notice, which came too late on last Thursday evening for publication, was a handsome and delicious cake, which the printer boys sampled with a relish, and while getting away with the pastry their good wishes for the young couple went out in expressing the hope that their wedded life may be a long and happy one, that they may both live to a good old age to enjoy the comforts of conjugal life, that prosperity may ever shine upon them and adversity may pass them by without stopping to mar their wedded life. If the good wishes of the printers have anything to do with the prosperous career of a newly wedded couple their connubial life will be a long, uninterrupted honeymoon.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Joseph Sharpe, assignee of M. F. McElwain, will set up for the benefit of creditors will make application to the Court of Common Pleas on Monday, October 1st, 1888, for leave to reconvey the assigned estate and for his discharge as said assignee.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Sept. 10, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Left the premises of the subscriber in Moxham about the 24th of July, a light brindle cow, seven years old, good size, slightly inlked with white, and along the back and belly white and inside of the legs; small turned in horns. A reward will be given for information of her whereabouts.

A. J. HORING.

Moxham, Sept. 14, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed away from Glen White, Pa., about July 1st, a black cow with white spots, white belly, and "crumpled horns." A satisfactory reward will be paid for information of her whereabouts.

Address MICHAEL MAZENKO,
Kittanning Point, Blair Co., Pa.

Aug. 10, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, residing in Cambria township, on or about the 7th of August last, two spring heifers, one brown and the other white with brown ears. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

FLORENCE WILLEBRAND.

Ebensburg, Sept. 7, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of Albert M. Aunsman in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., on or about the 10th day of August, 1888, one brown-black cow, one white spot in forehead and one white spot on hip next tail, supposed to be six years old. The owner will please come forward and prove property, pay charges and take her away or she will be disposed of according to law.

ALBERT AUNSMAN.

Allegheny Twp., Aug. 31, 1888.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said court on the first day of October, 1888, unless cause be shown to the contrary.

Account of Joseph Hogue, assignee of M. F. McElwain et ux.

Second and partial account of Adam Myers, committee of Peter Myers.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Sept. 10, 1888.

Use of Jefferson Rowland vs. John Reese and Eliza-beth Reese. In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, No. 65 June Term, 1888. E. D.

The undersigned having been appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Sheriff arrising from the sale of the defendant's real estate on the above stated writ, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, in said county, on Wednesday, October 17th, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., to discharge the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested shall appear or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON, Auditor.

Sept. 28, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, a. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared, and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 25 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warranted deed guaranteed.

MARY FUKY,
ANN FUKY,
Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

June 1st.

STORE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

One of the best store stands in Loretto, Pa., is offered at private sale with stock and fixtures. Apply to Loretto Merchandise Co., Loretto, Cambria county, Pa.

Loretto, Sept. 21, 1888.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county, will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

ARGUMENT LIST.

Oct 1, 1888.

Suppes.....vs. Johnstown Lumber Co.
Westover.....vs. Michling.
Boring.....vs. Boring.
Foden.....vs. Marshall.
Petition of G. M. Reade, Esq., for lateral R. R.
Gates, Son & Co.....vs. Fiske et. al.
Road in Clearfield township.
Fink.....vs. Stoltz.
Lumbern.....vs. Gallacher.
Road in Clearfield township.
Road in Carroll township.
Krise.....vs. Cooper.
Everville Coal Co.....vs. McEven & Son.
Stog.....vs. Wills.
Rapp.....vs. Langhein & Thomas.
Wilson.....vs. Fowler.
Christy.....vs. Milliken.
Road in Cambria township.
Report of Auditor in Vaught. est.
Rule on Co. Com. to pay constable.
Road.....vs. Martz.
Road from Munster to Loretto.
In re petition of Committee of Henrietta Topper.
In re petition of Isaac Weakland, Committee.
Evans.....vs. Davis et. al.
In re transcribing records.
Weistling.....vs. Ream.
Rule on A. Ashton, Esq., in Schriber Assg't.
Commonwealth ex. rel.vs. Supervisors of Lower Yoder township.
Williams.....vs. Robbing & Co.
In re petition of Samuel Kelly, Cons't.
Brindle.....vs. Soese.
Roberts.....vs. New Era Life Assn.
Easly.....vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
Report of Auditor in Peter Myer, est.
Beers.....vs. Jackel.
Stutzman & Wilsh.....vs. Johnstown Bor.
Commonwealth.....vs. McBride.
Dibert.....vs. Vickroy.
Road in West Taylor township.
In re petition of wm. Swilder.
In re Rule on Wm. A. Neel, Burgess.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Sept. 21, 1888.

Hay Fever.

I have been a periodical sufferer from hay fever since the summer of 1879, and until I used Ely's Cream Balm was never able to find relief. I can truthfully say that Cream Balm cured me. I regard it as of great value and would not be without it during the hay fever season.—L. M. Georgis, Binghamton, N. Y.

I can cheerfully recommend Ely's Cream Balm to the suffering public for hay fever and stoppage of the nasal passages. I have tried it and find it gives immediate relief.—J. E. Rector, Little Rock, Ark.

Wm. MURRAY & SON,

1315 1315

11TH AVE., ALTOONA, PA.

For the largest assortment of Ladies,' Misses' and Children's wraps, coats and jackets, and at the lowest possible cash prices go to Wm. Murray & Son's.

Sept. 28th, 1888.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE,

LORETTO, PA,

IN CHARGE OF

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.

Board and Tuition

for the Scholastic Year, $200.

March 20th, 1886. tf.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

1794. 1883.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872. Johnston, Buck & Co. BANKERS, Ebensburg, Penn'a. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Carrolltown Bank, Carrolltown, Pa. T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SALESMEN WANTED

TO SELL NURSERY STOCK.

Profitable employment for honest, energetic men, either on salary or commission, expenses paid. A fine outfit furnished each salesmen. The business easily learned. We grow all the new and rare varieties of Fruit and Ornamental trees. Write for terms. HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS, Maple Ave., Nurseries, West Chester, Pa. Established 1853.

Sept. 14, 1888, 1m.

PROMISES MAY GET FRIENDS,

BUT 'TIS PERFORMANCES THAT KEEP THEM.

Performances not promises have placed us at the head of the Retail Clothing Business in Western Pennsylvania, and established for us an honest name that no upstart competitors can ever blot out. We have promised to sell the citizens of Cambria and surrounding counties this Fall the cheapest and best clothing that the country can produce, and now extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine our grand new stock, compare our prices and give us their candid opinion whether we are in position to fulfil our promises. Our Fall Suits and Overcoats are grand beyond description. Our prices are too low for any competitors to reach.

BARGAINS IN OVERCOATS.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS,

Leading Clothiers of Johnstown, Pa.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flashes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronch

Seven Scenes in the Life of a Woman.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny night gown. Then, with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it for a moment gently, she tip-toes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in.

A fair maiden stands before her looking glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent lovelight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a crimp that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away in the gathering twilight to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously and then grows heavy with disappointment! She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul—so she waits and wishes and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great sweet eyes! He holds tightly to her dress as if to keep her near him!

When at last his eyes are closed, she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arose to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock him again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight and he is so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh-made grave. The headboard stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it: "He was her only child and she was a widow."

With tear-laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past her and gladly lose itself in the darkness.

A care-worn old woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes—for they always sing the same song to her, "One day nearer home." And as she smiles to them her thanks, she, too, repeats "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.

A Steep Climb.

For the first time for a number of years the Sigiri rock in Ceylon has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one other European, Mr. Creasy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chunam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of marble steps. High upon the rocks are several figures of Buddha; but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent in which were two square tanks, with sides 30 yards and fifteen feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time; although time, weather and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first comer had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure; but all reached the bottom safely in about two and a half hours.

MANY of the so-called cheap cuts of meat are preferable; for instance, the shoulder of mutton is much more delicate than the leg, and, as few persons know, the price is low. The English, who of all people know what good mutton is, always give the leg to the household, and save the shoulder for guests or first table. However, meat is not the only thing you must learn to choose. Good eggs may be quickly designated by their dull shell and clear appearance. An old, or stale egg, as a rule, has a dull porous looking shell. The flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gill should be light red and the scales silvery and clear and the eyes full and bright.

A DIVINE benediction is always invisibly breathed on prinful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away thence a soon as it burneth clear) ofttimes getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sittith down by the same; and thus persons industriously occupying themselves thrive better on a little of their own honest getting than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

TRY this lemon sponge, it is easy to make and is always liked. Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of boiling water until disolved; then pour on it one pint of boiling water, the juice of three lemons and sugar to taste. When thoroughly mixed beat to a white froth and add the whites of four eggs, well beaten. Beat all together until quite stiff, put in molds wet with water and set on the ice.

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For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 251 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1884. 1y

The Rose an Emblem of Love.

This flower, so marvelous in form, color and fragrance has instinctively won the love and admiration of men. The lover saw in the red rose a fair emblem of his own feelings, and laid it secretly upon the altar of Venus; while the pure white roses made them a fit symbol of chaste virgins. In Italy it is a very popular custom, all over the kingdom, the bodies of departed friends are covered with white roses as they are borne in open biers to their last resting places. All the ancient masters of medicine speak of the rose with great reverence. In China a small bag filled with rose leaves is a talisman to secure the bearer against diseases. The Pope consecrates on the Sunday called *Dominica in rosa*, the third Sunday before Easter a golden rose, which he bestows as a special sign of favor upon a church or crowned head. In 1856 the Empress Eugenie received this work of approbation on the occasion of the christening of her son, and in 1867 Isabella of Spain was so honored, not because of her virtues, but as an acknowledgment of her liberal contributions to the Papacy.

In France roses were once so highly revered that only certain privileged classes were permitted to raise them in their gardens.

In olden times in many portions of Europe, rose water was an indispensable seasoning for most delicate dishes, and roast meats were never eaten without a large quantity of that esteemed liquid essence. The humblest citizen in former days was by law bound to present his daughter, on her wedding day, at least with a chaplet of roses, though he might not be able to make her any other present. Roses were prominent elements of Roman luxury. At an entertainment which Cleopatra gave, the floor was covered three feet deep with roses, over which nets had to be spread to make walking possible.

Europe had early a great variety of roses, to which the crusaders added some fine varieties, brought from the East, as the fragrant Damask rose, from Damascus, the largest and one of the sweetest of the whole family.

When Columbus landed on our shores, he found the rose here also in matchless beauty.

It will be remembered by your readers that the last Napoleon showed a special fondness for his roses at Fontainebleau, of which he knew every one. The empress shared this fancy, and hence it was that the Prince of Wales presented her, during the last empire, in acknowledgment of her cordial hospitality, a magnificent basket of gold which contained every known rose.

There is said to be historical facts to prove that a certain rose bush in Germany, still bearing flowers in summer, was cherised and cared for by a noted Bishop nearly a thousand years ago.

Pins Twelve Dollars a Dozen.

From the article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the September *Century* we quote the following: In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable gup in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war, would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets brought in the lines; for in spite of patient self sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North, was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp eyed observer, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either.

Care of Horses.

Remember that one of the most important points in the care of farm horses is to feed regularly. If you drive your horse until mid afternoon before he gets his noon meal you may expect a lank looking animal the next day. A thorough rubbing and a currying is as essential to the well being of a horse as a feed. It is an old saying that a good grooming is equal to four quarts of oats. The horse might think this not more than half true, but unless your animals are at pasture or where they can rub and roll themselves, grooming is necessary.

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says few farmers kow the value of pea straw as a wisp to rub with. It is as nearly an equal of the currycomb as anything. He feeds carrots at noon during the working season, and attributes to this cause the fact that he had not had a sick horse for years. He salts twice a week and feeds nothing at noon, but regularly at six in the morning and at the same hour at night for ten months of the year. The two hardest working months he feeds at noon also.

MANY of the best fashion-plates are now engraved from actual photographs of models who pose in the garments, to make the pictures as life-like as possible.

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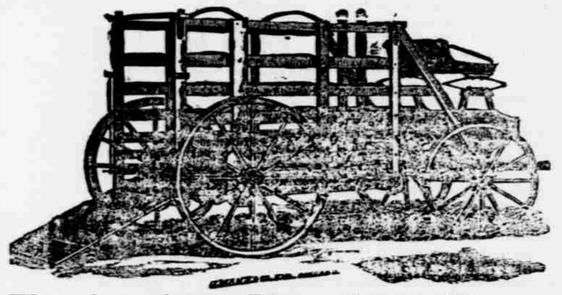

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

The Longest and Shortest Livers.

It appears that the most refined and polished nations have no prominence over savage tribes in longevity. Leaving out causes of destruction inseparable from the habitudes of barbarous races, the Africans and Indians often attain extreme old age. Humboldt gives native American Indians long lives. He speaks of an Indian woman who died at Chiquata aged 143 years, and her husband died at the age of 117. He also speaks of a Peruvian who, when 130 years old, walked daily four leagues. Prichard, on the longevity of the negroes, speaks of Robert Lynch, the property of Sir Edward Hyde East, who diedat St. John's at the age of 130. Numerous other instances are given of the great age of this race in the United States. Dungleson's "Human Health" says: "Throughout the United States the number of colored people who are reported to attain tha age of 100 years and upwards, bears a large ratio to the whites."

Kings and Emperors are not characteristically long livers. Out of two hundred Roman and German Emperors only four lived to the age of eighty years. The same holds good with Ecclesiastical representatives. Out of over three hundred Popes only five arrived at the age of 80. Monks and hermits, on the contrary, by temperance ond rectitude, strict regimen and prayer, including the saving virtue of starvation, arrive at patriarchal ages. Poets and artists, it seems, have long leases of life, because of their occupation which leads them to be conversant with the sports of the fancy and self-created world, whose whole life is an agreeable dream. Philosophers, it seems, attain great age, especially such as are occupied with the study of nature and the discovery of new and divine truths. It appears from tables that miners and doctors are among the shortest livers—miners from long exposure to poisonous effluvia; physicians in serving others are consumed, in healing others are destroyed. The rate of mortality among practising physicians is greater, perhaps, than among men of any other profession.

The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found only among those classes of mankind who, amidst bodily labor and in the open air, lead a simple life agreeable to nature, such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, soldiers and sailors. In these situations man still attains the age 140 and even 150 years. Frankenberg, a Dane who was a seaman, lived to be 146 years old. Effingham, an Englishman, born poor, brought up to labor, and who ended his days as a laborer, died in the 144th year of his age. R. Glenn, a shoemaker, who lived at Tacony, near Philadelphia, lived to be 114 years old. There are many thousand instances of simple, laborious children of nature who have lived to a great age. It is not the rich and great, not those who take gold tincture and wonder-working medicines who become old, but laborers, farmers, mariners, and such men as, perhaps, never in their lives employed their thoughts on the means which must be used to promote longevity.

How to Make Cucumber Pickles.

The first pickles are always the best. Select plump, freshly picked cucumbers, of any size desired. Take water enough to cover them well; add salt enough to make a brine that will bear up a potato until it can be seen above the surface of the brine, about the size of a ten cent piece; pour this boiling hot over the pickles—do not cover them, but when cold lay something on that will keep them under the brine, as those that float will become soft; leave them twenty-four hours, then drain them and cover with boiling water; let them stand also twenty-four hours, keeping them under the water. The third day drain and pack in stone jars. To a three gallon jar put in enough pickles to fill about one-third full, then a layer of sliced onions, then a cheese cloth bag about eight or ten inches square, in which put a small tablespoonful of black pepper, two ounces stick cinnamon broken rather small, half tablespoonful of cloves; mustard seed mace or any other flavoring may be added. Horseraddish cut in strips, and three or four red peppers may also be added. Then repeat—pickles, spices, etc. Cover all with boiling cider vinegar, as weak as will keep the pickles. I generally add half water to the vinegar or more. If too sour, the pickles are not good and they become soft. The scalding hardens them and also makes them green; the spices preserve them from moulding. As soon as they are cold they should be covered to keep them well under the vinegar and the jars also covered to keep out dust, and they must be kept in a very cool place. Do not wash them at first, as handling breaks the skin and they will not keep as well. Stirring them once or twice a week is a good plan, as it prevents mould from gathering.

Fall Chicks.

Now is the time to get broody hens in order to get a supply of pullets for early spring laying. Pullets hatched during the next few months will begin laying in February and March, and the first to begin will want to sit by the last of March. In sitting hens in hot weather it is best to make a nest on the ground, or if this is not practicable line a box with sod, dirt side up. Sprinkle with water containing a solution of carbolic acid. Make the nest on top and sprinkle with sulphur, and you need have no fear of lice.

If you have any newly hatched chicks that seem droopy, and you not taken the above precautions against lice, examine their heads at once for the so-called butcher lice. To destroy them anoint heads with your finger dipped in lard. Repeat the third day and treat the breast, body and wings of the mother hen to a like process.

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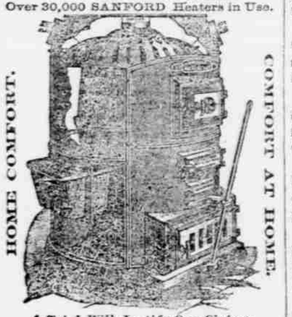

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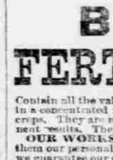

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Words of Wisdom.

The best excuse is to have none.

Idleness is the burial of the living man.

Hearts can be young in spite of gray hair.

Praise a man while he lives if he deserves it.

Show is not substance; realities govern wise men.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Every thought which piety throws into the world alters the world.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

True nobility scorns to trample upon a worm or sneak to an emperor.

One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge.

Great good is often accomplished, merely because it is not attempted.

Ability is of little account without opportunity. Make the opportunity.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.

Agitation is the marshaling of the conscience of a Nation to mould its laws.

The pleasures of understanding are preferable to those of imagination or of sense.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

It takes very little brain and much less piety to constitute a first-class grumbler.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

Kind words are the brightest flowers in earth's existence—they make a paradise of the humblest home.

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination; the best books have most beauty.

If your wife wants an "allowance," give her your whole income. She will save more out of it than you can.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track which has been passed over.

The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt.

It is wrong use of your understanding to make it the rule and measure of another man's, a use which it is neither fit nor capable of.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

Civilization is to have solved the problem how we may best avail ourselves of our opportunity and enjoy the beautiful world in which we live.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no calamity when light words will not begin to redress.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

We should rule ourselves with a firm hand. Being our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a more tyrannical master than himself.

Let no man in despair say, "I am but one." In his unity, as in the unity of a sword, lies his might. If his metal be true, his singleness is strength; he may be multiplied, indeed, but he cannot be divided. Minorities of one, have generally done the real work of mankind.

In all our efforts to subdue ignorance and vice, to aid the feeble, to raise the fallen, to restore the erring, to relieve the oppressed, we need to look far deeper than the surface facts or the actual evils we would banish. "What is the source?" should be our constant inquiry; and against that, when we have found it, should our chief efforts be always directed.

Gloss for Collars.

To starch and iron collars so as to have a good gloss requires the skill that comes from practice. Add a little cold water to two tablespoonfuls of good starch and rub to a smooth paste with a spoon; pour boiling water slowly upon the starch, stirring briskly to prevent lumping. When mixed smooth add a little salt and a piece of mutton tallow or white wax the size of a hazel nut. Many good laundresses add also, tablespoonful gum arabic solution (made by pouring water upon white gum arabic and letting it stand till clear). Boil the starch twenty minutes and strain through three minutes. Use starch scalding hot and rub it thoroughly through the linen so that no lumps are left on the surface. After drying the collars, dip them, an hour or so before ironing, into cold starch made by dissolving a tablespoonful of starch in a pint of water, warm, but not hot enough to scald the starch. Roll them up in a clean towel and before ironing rub over with a fine damp cloth. Iron quickly and polish with a polishing iron on a bosom board.

THE process of making the wood carpet now coming into common use is comparatively simple, although it must be done with exactitude. Carefully adjusted saws strip the lumber into the desired thickness and width, the latter differing according to the work required. The stuff is then subjected to the saws that cut it out in proper shape for inlaying, to form the fabric and figure of the carpet. This must be done with much particularity, as such of the uniform pieces must exactly fit. The arrangement of the pieces and the gluing of them is done by lads, and looks like slow work, but yards are thus woven with fair celerity. Canvas is glued on one side to give strength to the fabric. The carpet is then subjected to sandpaper, and is finally finished with hard oil.

"HEROINE" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.